

Brothers

Dean Brody

The house was like a tomb
I was hiding in my room
As my brother made his way on down the hall

I didn't want to say goodbye
And I was trying to deny there was a war
And that he got the call

I watched him from my window
Walking down the drive
Then I ran down the stairway
Through the front door and I cried

You come back you hear?
And I let him see my tears
I said I'll give you my rookie of DiMaggio
I'll do anything you want,
Clean your room, or wash your car
I'll do anything so long as you don't go
But he said, this is what brothers are for

Well I have my heroes,
But the one I love the most
Taught me how to hunt and swing a bat
And I wrote him every night,
I said I miss our pillow fights,
But lately I just wonder where you're at

Sometimes freedom makes it hard to live
When it takes things from you that you don't want to give

I said you come back you hear?
I miss you being near
Laugh and fish down in the maple grove

I'll do anything you want
There must be someone I can call,
And just maybe they would let you come back home
But he wrote, this is what brothers are for

I may never have to face the anger of those guns,
Or lie cold and wounded in my blood,
Or know the sacrifice and what it must of cost
For him to love me that much

Well, it had been two years,
And I held back my tears
When I saw him in that wheel chair on the shore

And as I ran and held him tight,
That's when he looked me in the eye
And said I'm sorry that you have to push me home
And I said hey, this is what brothers are for...

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